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The Home of the Brontes.

A Tyrannous and Vain Father and an Uncomplaining Mother.

A Surrounding Landscape Where Moor Joined Moor, White With Snow in Winter and Black in Midsummer.

Book Reviewer in Boston Transcript.

Miss Robinson's "Life of Emily Bronte" gives a vivid picture of a fine character formed by the stern, hard realities of life. The father of the gifted sisters, Patrick, was one of ten children of a poor Irish peasant, named Prunty, in Ahaderg, County Down, whose chief subsistence was potatoes. Patrick was a tall, handsome, gainly lad, with an impressive, vivacious manner that covered up the selfish, hard temperament so apparent in after years. On entering St. John's University at Cambridge, Patrick changed his name from Prunty to Bronte, and separated himself entirely from his family in Ireland, although he sent £20 a year to his mother during her life. At Hartshead, in Yorkshire, where he held a curacy after leaving college, he fell in love with Maria Branwell, a quiet, refined, well-educated woman. Although the engagement was a short one, it was not happy, for Miss Branwell was haunted by the fear of losing the affections of a lover who added to his impulsive, violent, Irish disposition the weakness of personal vanity. In 1812, however, they married and settled in Hartshead, and three years later they moved with two baby girls, Maria and Elizabeth, to Thornton. Mrs. Bronte describes the country as bare and desolate, and she was very lonely, as her husband passed most of his time in the study. During the next four years, Charlotte, the red-haired boy Branwell, Emily and Anne were born and Mrs. Bronte's heart began to fail. The family then made a final move to gloomy Haworth, a village in a rough, bleak country, where hill after hill stretches to the utmost limits of the horizon; not a wood or river can be seen; the only beauty is where moor joins moor, white with snow in winter and black in midsummer. Only in early autumn, when the heather is a mass of purple, does any tint of color brighten the scene. Haworth Parsonage was a gray stone house with a graveyard on both sides. At the gate was a stonecutter's shed, piled with slabs ready for use, and the dreary chip, chip of the cutter's chisel was incessantly heard recording the "In Memoriams" of the dead. This is the home for which Emily Bronte had such a passionate love in after years. Mrs. Bronte's health became rapidly worse. Unable to enjoy the moors or her children, she uttered no complaints of the tyrannous, cruel husband, who fired pistols at the back door to express the wrath for which words were too weak, tore her silk gown in shreds, and threw the children's kid shoes into the fire because he was too proud to accept such presents. Fortunately, her wretched life soon ended, and the six little babies passed their days toddling hand in hand through the graveyard, and over the moor or in the nursery talking politics. Mr. Bronte saw the children at breakfast and tea, and enjoyed telling them frightful stories of Irish life, which the quiet Emily enjoyed. They were not allowed meat, as Mr. Bronte thought the potatoes upon which he grew up were enough for his children. Maria, aged seven, read the daily newspaper, and discussed the Parliamentary debates with her father. She preferred Blackwood to any other magazine, and said that the best way of spending her time was in "preparation for a happy eternity." Anne, when only four, told her father that she desired "age and experience" above all else in the world. Deprived of playfellows, children's books and toys, these little babies made up plays among themselves about Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, and years after, when some school children came to tea, they had to ask their visitors pathetically to teach them how to play the games, of which they themselves knew nothing. This was the childhood that shaped the wayward genius of the Brontes. Little wonder that a weird gloom should darken their writings! Their field of observation was narrow, but their insight penetrated every cranny. Their passionate father and dissipated brother; the wretched school where two of the sisters lost their lives from neglect; the violent, drunken squires—around these are the materials from which their imaginations created such wonderful pictures.

For Not Settling.

Cincinnati Drummer.

A man knocked another down for not settling his account.

"I'll pay you for that, see if I don't," said the party getting up, holding his jaw.

"You will, will you?"

"Yes, I will."

"I'll be mighty glad if you do, for I never heard of your paying anything before, and I believe you are lying to me now," and he hit him another whack.

A GHASTLY VISITOR.

He Shows Himself to a Stranger at the Cabin Door.

New York Tribune.

Two young Englishmen sailed together on board a Cunard steamer from Liverpool to New York a short time ago. They had never met before, but they happened to come together in the first evening on board, and finding that they had a good deal in common, soon became something more than mere acquaintances. They were both University men; one had been at Oxford and the other at Cambridge. They were both fond of sport, and each was crossing for his first time; that was quite enough to recommend them to one another, and before they had been two days at sea they had become fast friends. It was a rough passage, and they were seldom able to get on deck; so they spent most of the time playing ecarte in a corner of the saloon. The saloon of an Atlantic steamer, however, is never a very airy place, and one day the atmosphere got so bad down there that these two young fellows agreed that anything was better than sitting there; so they pocketed their cards, made a mental memorandum of the score and whose deal it was, and then adjourned to one of their cabins and sitting, one on the lower bunk, and the other on the couch, they went on with their game. It was between the deals, and the one who was sitting on the bunk (whom we will call Mr. A.) was shuffling the cards, when both became aware that a third person was standing at the cabin door looking at them.

"Good God, Jack!" exclaimed Mr. B., jumping up from the couch; "how on earth did you get here?"

The figure at the door said nothing, but quietly turned round and walked away again. The boat was rolling badly, and when Mr. B. had done rumbling over the portmantau and had made his way to the door some few seconds had elapsed. A. was naturally somewhat astonished at the mysterious interruption and the way his friend had treated it, so he threw the cards on the bed, and hanging on to the door, scrambled out after him. When he got into the passage he saw B. standing some ten yards off looking up and down in a bewildered kind of way, and nobody else in sight. A steward came alone from the saloon just then, and on being questioned he said he had met nobody but the cat that way; and as the two men had been playing in the last cabin but one, it was not likely that the strange visitor had gone the other way.

"Who was it?" asked A., as the other came slowly back to him after questioning the steward. "I have not seen him on board before."

"He was my brother, and he is not on board," was the startling answer. "I left him in Liverpool, and I know he can't have come away."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow; it must have been one of the passengers. I certainly don't believe it was your brother. He was as utterly unlike you as one can be unlike another; he was tall and you are short; he was fair and you are dark; he was stout and you are slim, and your faces are completely different."

"Yes, I know. I call him my brother, but he is really my half-brother. His name is C. and we are totally unlike each other. But that man was my half-brother, Jack C. as sure as I am standing here, or—his ghost."

Well, there was no more ecarte that afternoon; none of the officers or passengers had seen anybody answering to the description of the supposed C., and he never appeared again until they reached New York.

When they landed, B. found a cable message telling him that his half-brother was dead.

Now, so far, this incident was not different from a score of others which have been reported and published at various times; and, beyond the fact the apparition was seen by two persons, it supplies no further evidence of the existence or appearance of ghosts or "doubles" than has been adduced over and over again. But there was a sequel to this which lends a ghastly circumstantiality to the whole affair, and makes it very hard to laugh the matter off as a mere optical illusion.

A. lost sight of B. entirely a few days after arriving in America. While the former went West at once, the latter stayed in New York three or four days and then crossed to England. Two years had passed before A. went back again, and he had pretty well given up puzzling over the mystery, when one day when he was walking along Piccadilly he saw the man who had appeared in the state-room that day coming to meet him.

"Pardon me, sir," he began, "is not your name C.?"

"Yes," was the answer, "my name is C., but I must confess you have the advantage over me."

"I dare say. I only saw you once before, and that was on board the steamship Papua in mid Atlantic."

"Good heavens! Then your name is A., and you were with my half brother, Charlie B., when he saw Jack. No. That was not I—that was my brother. We were exactly alike, and were continually being taken one for another. Charlie is utterly indifferent—but then Jack and I took after our father. I wish you would turn in here," he said, pointing to a club house close at hand, "and tell me all about that day. You know, of course, that Jack died that very afternoon?"

Oh, yes. A. knew it well enough, but the horrible difficulty was this: He had never seen Charlie B. until he met him on board ship, and had never seen either of the brothers C. at all. The only knowledge which he had of their features, or could have, was from that one short glimpse on board ship. Whom had he seen, then? Scarcely another person altogether, when the remembrance of his features enabled him to recognize his brother. If it was an optical illusion it was a very wonderful one, that could so picture a face which he had never seen before; and if it was not an optical illusion, what was it?

Full Toilets of Paper.

New York World.

It so instructive to walk into a large commodious store and look upon twenty, thirty or fifty figures in full toilets of paper, and so artistically made and draped that at a casual glance they seem to be silk or satin.

The first of these figures was made just thirty years ago, when French tissue was used for the dresses; since then English tissue paper has usurped the place of the latter, as it lasts longer and is stronger. The domestic mills have not as yet succeeded in manufacturing more than two colors successfully, pink and green; consequently the figures dressed in pinks or greens are seventy-five per cent. cheaper than the other figures.

These dresses are first cut and pasted together; the trimmings, whether of cordings, puffings or flounces, are then added. If the garniture is to represent braid or galloon the patterns are first delicately traced on the paper and then cut out with scissors. The samples of tissue come in every conceivable shade, electric blue, mandarin, apple green—all the colors are reproduced, but in plain paper. So in this season of brocades and embroideries all the figures must be designed and cut out by hand, then pasted on; for instance, a deep electric blue, adorned with palm leaves of different colors, was in hand one week before its completion.

It would seem a simple thing to make a paper frock, but to paste these figures on successfully there must be the nicest estimate of mucilage, so there will be no shininess around the edges of the figures. Fringe and ribbon are reproduced with great fidelity, and the colors and effects are studied from cloth and silk costumes. The dresses are not placed together either for simple effect, for taken apart they prove to be exact and reliable patterns of the latest styles. Many of the other patterns are duplicates from them. The cost of the making of these dresses is almost as great as the cloth costumes would be, but there the expense ends, the materials not being estimated at all.

The Jersey Butter Test Record.

Some years ago certain owners of Jersey cows kept accurate accounts of the quantity of butter made in a specified period from the milk of their favorites. These accounts were, in some instances, published, and gradually led to a more general testing of Jersey cows, that strong and unquestionable proof might be had to support the broad general claim that the Jersey stood superior to all other breeds, as a breed, in the production of butter. The result is that hundreds of Jersey cows have proved their ability to produce fourteen pounds or more of butter in seven consecutive days, scores have produced between fourteen and eighteen pounds, a few have made between eigteen and twenty pounds, and some cows of remarkable merit have yielded over twenty pounds of butter in the period mentioned. No stronger evidence can be given of the value of the proof thus obtained of the justness of the claims made for the Jerseys than is furnished by the doubts expressed by their opponents as to the correctness of the accounts thus published. These doubts and denials show that the owners of cattle of other breeds do not believe that their own cows are capable of producing such quantities of butter; probably they have sufficient reason for thinking so.

The interest in butter has become so general, and the number of authentic records has become so large as to make their collection and arrangement in convenient form almost a necessity. For several years the Rev. Andrew J. Fish, of Van Wert, Ohio, an enthusiastic student in matters relating to breeding, has been gathering and verifying information relating to butter tests. E. W. Perry, of Chicago, known for years as a writer on live stock matters, has also been long engaged upon like work. The mass of information thus gathered has been arranged in convenient form, and will soon be published in the form of a book entitled, "The Jersey Butter Test Record." About 500 authentic records have already been received, and the book will contain not less than 1,000 pages.

Incompatibility of Complexion.

"I heard it was all 'off' between you and Miss Roweshall." Wobbinson—œsthetic—"Yes; incompatibility of complexion! She didn't suit my furnichar!"

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

The Gospel of Six Per Cents—An Appetite for Excitement Quickened by the Condiments of Vice—"Frenchy" Novels and Unholy Marriages.

Rev. George H. Hepworth, in a newspaper article descriptive of New York "fashionable" society, says of a certain large class: They have money, but that is only another way of saying they can afford to do their worst and procure partial means of concealment. Their peculiarities are chiefly developed in secret and after dark. They dare not tell the half they know about their neighbors, nor listen to half what they know about them. Their gospel is the gospel of six per cents, and beyond a large income and an unchecked passion lies the terra incognita of morality, which they have no desire to explore. Their time is spent in a round of pleasures, suggested by painful ennui. Intrigues of the most compromising character are not infrequent, and the air is at times made foul with scandals which point to the hopeless wreck of domestic happiness. Now the wonder of this whole matter is that pure young girls can be fascinated by a man—I use the misnomer in the way of politeness—who ought never to throw his shadow on their path. A marriageable girl who feels herself to be in the market is not in the slightest degree shocked because her lover dare not tell her where he goes when he leaves her; on the other hand, his known impurity seems to be an added charm in her sight. She has not been taught to set any high value on virtue, neither does she regard it as indispensable in a husband. She excuses the inexcusable and ignores the prime conditions of happiness. So she have money, she ceases to ask questions. It is better so, perhaps, because if she were at all curious she would never marry. Old maidism is the purgatory of social life, and so, rather than live in purgatory, she moves into a palatial residence in the nameless region beyond. Who does not know that in the set to which she belongs simple honor and fidelity are regarded as "slow," and that the appetite for excitement is so quickened by the condiments of vice that excitement is tasteless and insipid unless it is highly seasoned with immorality. Nay, the whole community, for that matter, is wallowing in the pit. In dramatic representations, for example, Shakespeare is adored with a sham adoration, but never listened to with even tolerable patience. In the rivalry between Shakespeare and a semi-lewd play, the bard of Avon is voted out of the house. The sensational drama, in which the heroine totters in the first act on the dizzy edge of a vicious precipice, and in the last act falls into the fathomless depths of domestic infidelity, rouses us to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Nothing pays so well in a play as disguised indecency; and if the disguise be very thin, we do not allow our scruples to mar our enjoyment. Good reading, also, has suffered a characteristic "sea change." In order to be really interesting, a novel must have a sulphurous plot, one the heroine or hero of which has a reputation which ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the reader, but which generally fails in the accomplishment of that end. We use the word "French" to express, not the nationality of a book, but its character—that is, its bad character. James or Howells may be found on the sitting-room table, sham representatives of the style of writing we must enjoy; but Zola, always kept out of sight, has thumb-marks which show that it is the source of oft-repeated pleasures. The most salable books are made up of the piquancy of broken vows and the delights of a life of shame. This Moloch worship, which demands that mammas shall turn their daughters into the open fiery and consuming arms of an unholy marriage is far more prevalent than we think. Young girls are drilled into the belief that an elegant mansion on a corner lot in a matrimonial inferno is preferable to an honest snuggery on a side street in the matrimonial heaven. Money must be had at any cost, and since the only merchantable article in her possession is herself, the young girl sets the largest price the market offers, and runs the risk with the man who pays it. I use the word risk, but that implies a chance of happiness, and the chance is so small that I may as well be a little more exact, and say that she gets the largest price, endures the new relationship for awhile, and then either seeks her own pleasure in her own way, or applies to a divorce court for relief. A blasted life with fashionable society, or alimony as a last resort, is the history of scores.

SURGERY AND MEDICINE

As Practiced Instinctively by the Inferior Animals.

S. A. Lattimore in The Continent.

In a recent communication to the Biological Society, M. G. Delaunay observed that medicine, as practiced by the animals, is thoroughly empirical; but at the same time may be said of that practiced by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds and ants. Man may well take a lesson in hygeiine from the lower animals. Animals rid themselves of parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite, it eats that species of grass known as dog's-grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated, they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal, suffering from chronic rheumatism, always keeps in the sun as much as possible. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks in winter it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye. It remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although its custom had been to keep close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats also, when hurt, treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delaunay cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practiced by animals, may, in the interests of psychology, be studied with advantage. He could, thinks the British Medical Journal, go even farther, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instincts which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.

Insect Fiddlers.

Belgravia.

An observation of Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazons," clearly shows the purpose serve dof the "stridulation"—as the faculty of producing sound is named in insects. A male field-cricket, like some gay troubadour, has been seen to take up his position at the entrance of his burrow in the twilight. Loud and clear sound his notes until, on the approach of a partner, his song becomes more subdued, softer, and all-expressive in its nature, and as the captivated and charmed one approaches the singer, she is duly caressed and stroked with his antennæ, as if by way of commendation for her ready response to his love notes. Thus insect courtship progresses much as in higher life, although, indeed, the siren notes belong in the present case to the sterner sex, and thus reverse the order of things in higher existence. The sound-producing apparatus in these insects consists of a peculiar modification of the wings, wing-covers and legs. Thus the grasshopper's song is due to the friction produced by the first joint of the hind leg (or thigh) against the wing-covers or first pair of wings—a kind of mechanism which has been aptly compared to a species of violin playing. On the inner side of the thigh, a row of very fine-pointed teeth, numbering from eighty to ninety or more, is found. When the wing-covers or first wings are in turn inspected their ribs or "nervures," are seen to be very sharp, and of a projecting nature, and these latter constitute the "strings," so to speak, of the violin. Both "fiddles" are not played upon simultaneously; the insect first uses one and then the other—thus practicing that physiological economy which is so frequently illustrated by the naturalists's studies. Some authorities, in addition, inform us that the base of the tail in these insects is hollowed so as to constitute a veritable sounding-board, adapted to increase the reasonance of the song. And this latter faculty is still more plainly exemplified in certain exotic insects allied to the grasshoppers, these foreign relations having the bodies of the males distended with air for the purpose of increasing and intestifying the sound.